Choice Fiction.

BABY LOUISE.

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise!
With your silken hair and your soft blue eyes,
And the dreamy wisdom that in them lies,
And the faint, sweet smile you brought from
the skies—
God's sunshine, Baby Louise!

When you fold your hands, Ilaby Louise— Your hands, like a fulry's, so tiny and fair— With a pretty, innocent, saint-like air. Are you trying to think of some angel-taught

You learned above, Baby Louise?

I'm in love with you, Baby Louise! Why, you never raise your beautiful head! Some day, little one, your check will grow With a flush of delight to hear the words "I love you," haby Louise.

Do you hear me, Haby Louise? I have sung your praise for nearly an hour, And your lashes keep drooping lower and lower.

And you've some to sleep like a weary flower, Ungrateful Baby Louise!—Margaret Eytinge,

MADE OR MARRED

BY JESSIE FOTHERGILL. Author of "One of Three," "Probation," "The Wellfelds," Etc. CHAPTER III.-CONTINUED.

"Oh, if Lady Elizabeth is in the question," began Mr. Starkie, benevolently; and then they went out of the office again, after which Philip heard steps along a passage, and presently a single person entered Mr. Day's office, and called his name, a little impatiently.

"Where is he?" murmured Mr. Starkie, finding his call unanswered, and sounding a gong in the hope of conjuring up some reply.

Philip rose from his seat, and went into the office. Mr. Stark's stood there, an open letter in his hand.

"I want Mr. Day," he said.

"Mr. Day has gone, sir. He had an appointment, and he said, as there was nothing much doing this morning, he had better go."

"Why must be choose just to-day to have an appointment?" muttered Mr. Starkie, in vexation.

"Can I be of any use?" asked
Philip, thinking of the time which still
hung useless on his hands.
"You are not Mr. Day, sir," was
the curt reply; to which obvious truth

"No, I wish I were;" and then added aloud: "But I know were he lives, and I could go and fetch him, if you like."

At this Mr. Starkie looked more attentively at Philip, and his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the young man's

"Your wish to oblige makes you forget that, as Mr. Day has an engagement, it would probably be lost time to go after him." he remarked. "I think, perhaps, you may serve my purpose as well as Mr. Day, or as well as any one but Mr. Day. At any rate I am going to try you Come with me."

Philip followed his chief to his private

room, and there Mr. Starkie read over again the letter he held in his hand,

"You will not mention your errand of to-day to any of your fellow clerks,"

"Certainly not," replied Philip, steadily meeting the piercing eyes which were fixed upon him. We are making a line of railway in

China, in a rather ont-of-the-way district. Y— is the port. It was chiefly through the British Consul at Y-- that we undertook the job, and we intrusted the management of it to Bywell. I dare say you remember Bywell-he was only here a week or two before he went out?"

"Yes, I remember him. I never spoke to him, though, or had any ac-quaintance with him."

"He had to be invested with very considerable powers, having English and Irish navvies under him, as well as natives; and the absolute command of large sums of money. This was an important post for him, as you may judge."

"Certainly, sir."

"Well, I need not go into particulars; but to come to the point, I have strong about Bywell. He had the best of ref-erences with him from Blake and Robinson. He had been with them for company, whatever other people my a year, and the reason given for his leaving was that they had to reduce their staff of servants, which, as they have failed since, seems likely enough. But I must know more about him, if possible; though Mr. Grey is not sus-picious: but then," in a tone of impa-tionce, "he never will be suspicious, or anything reasonable, until he is safely married to Lady Elizabeth Preston."

Philip smiled involuntarily, and bent his head to hide his smile. Mr. Starkie

"Mr. Blake, one of the partners of the firm Bywell was with, lives out at Edgeton now, in a small way, I fancy. You can go and see him, and find out all you can. If possible you must discover where he came from-the original people who recommended him to Blake, and what sort of character he was. And at the same time, you must not let the cat out of the bag. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly. Do you want me to go

'Yes, as soon as ever you can. You must see what a mess we shall be in if we get wrong with these people who are so ticklish to deal with. I want to have the affair settled as soon as possi-ble," said Mr. Starkie, who looked vexed and harassed. "Why do you

"If it were after five o'clock -

began Philip.
"After five? A loss of hours? Absurd!" said he, testily. "What's to hin-

der you from going now?"

"I ought to meet my sister—a young girl who has nover been here in her life before—at, half-past four, that's all. I would not have mentioned it," added Philip, apologetically, "but I can't help it."

In truth, he liked the idea of the expedition, and was vexed to think of missing it, and at the same time surprised to find himself confiding such details to the august chief of the establish-

but my mother would never forgive me if I left Grace in the lurch-Saturday afternoon, too.13

"Quite right," said Mr. Starkie, look-ing tranquil again. "Make your mind easy: I'll go and meet your sister myself; and do you be off as quickly as von can.'

"You, sir?" ejaculated the astonished

Philip. "I condin't think—"
"Pshaw!" was the impatient retort.
"Waste no more time. I can't go and look after the fellow myself, it would look after the fellow myself, it would be the standard of the standa raise suspicion. If I could have done Grey's errand, I would; but the Lady Elizabeth might not have approved of the substitute. However, as this is your sister, and not your sweetheart, who's to be met, it is managed easily enough. At which station should she arrive, and what is she like?"

"She comes to the Parry Street Station, by the train from York; and she's they say she's like me.

"Very good. Half-past four, you say? I'll see to it. And now, lose no more time. Good-day."

"Must I let you know?" "Ab, yes. If you get back to-night, I must trouble you to come to my place to-morrow and report to me, any

"Yes, sir; I'll do my best," said Philip, at last actually taking his de-

As he drove to the station to take the train to Edgeton, some six or eight miles out of Irkford, he had time to realize that his mission really must be

an important one.
"It must be," he reflected, "for the Governor to hurry me off on the spot, and go and meet Grace himself. I can' get over that."

It was almost eleven o'clock of the same night, when Philip's hansom stopped at the gate of his dwelling-place. Grace had come. There was a light behind the green blinds, and—he looked toward the left hand-yes, a light behind those other green blinds,

As Philip entered the narrow passage of the house, a face, somewhat dolorous in expression, and, as he had hinted to Mr. Starkie, strikingly resembling his own, was put out of the door of his sitting room, with a dubious, inquiring look, till he had fairly entered, when the door was flung wide open and a tall girl bounded—as much as such a small passage would allow bounding—out of his parlor and threw herself into his

My dear Phil! At last! How very bad of you! How immensely you are improved! I thought you never were coming?" She dragged him into the sitting-room. "That little mustache, oh, its killing! It is, really! But what have you been doing all this time?"

"Did Mr. Starkie meet you all right, you unfortunate child?" asked Philip, holding her at arm's length and looking at her. "Allow me to return the compliment. You, also, are immense-

ly improved." To view her, one must have said that in any case Grace Massey must have been a pleasant object to look upon. Tall, dark, upright, she was perhaps some-what amply developed for seventeen; with shoulders that were decidedly broad, and hands by no means small; all was yet so harmoniously formed, and in such fine proportions, as not to appear in the least awkward or ungain-ly. In every movement was the free, elastic grace which covers, or rather displays, vigor of constitution and strength of limb, given by a healthy, outdoor life. Grace Massey would never be a Hebe, but she might develop into a Juno-a stately, dark-eyed dame -one could easily imagine it. At the present moment she was all girl, all sister.

"Did old Starkie meet you?" repeat-

ed Philip. When he came up to me, taking off his had aged very much, and-

"You preposterous goose! I hope you didn't give such a welcome to the aged imposter as you did just now to the real brother."

"Oh!" oried Grace, convulsed with laughter, "what a frightful idea! Lbehaved like-why, like any one ought to. Mr. Starkie saw me safe, here, making

"The old humbug!" said Philip, in much amusement. "Well, thank Heaven you are here at last. What do you think of your quarters? You might begin housekeeping at once if you liked, by seeing after something in the shape of food and drink for me, for I am nearly starved."

Grace rang the bell, remarking: 'I may get accustomed to it in time, but just at first this place gives me the sensation that I am in a pasteboard box, and must step and move gingerly for fear my feet should go through the floor, or my fist through the walls."

"They are rather thin after the Foul haven ones, I confess," he said. "Ah," he added with a sigh of satisfaction, as he seated himself before the meal which "his widow" had prepared for him; "if you knew, my child, what it is to be perishing with hunger in the midst

"When was your last meal?"

"At a quarter before eight a. m. of the present day." "But where have you been, and what have you been doing?" she asked, in

"Scouring the country for proofs of villainy which I have not found." "Proofs of villainy?"

"Never mind! It's all in the way of business; and in the way of business too, I shall have to leave you to-morrow, "till about four o'clock-

"But some nice young ladies whom know are coming to call upon you, and invite you to their house."

"Have you really business to-mor-Really I have. I have to go and see

"It seems to me this Miss Thekla Berghaus must be a very special friend of yours, Phil."

"Nonsense" said he, biting his lips, but not smiling either, and rather glad to observe that Grace had begun to Despite her drowsiness they sat up

late, talking over past doings at their home at Foulbaven, where Philip had not been for the last three years. "I was twenty-three when last I left

it," he said, "a mere lad. I wonder when I shall see it again. It is a fine old place, Gracy, and I often feel sorry that none of us followed my father's "Tillers of the soil!" exclaimed

Grace. 'Oh, Philip, there is so much more to do in a city life!" "Much you know about a city life. Go to bed and dream that you have taken your degree."

She laughed, took her candle, and left him.

CHAPTER IV.

MARRILLE IN THE RAIN. On Monday morning Philip and his

on Monday morning Philip and his sister sat at breakfast. Grace was in high spirits, delighted with Taekla and Emille Berghaus—with the whole Berghaus family, indeed, and certain that she would be very happy in Irkford. "I am sure I hope you will," said Philip, absently, for in truth he was thinking of other things, of his interview with Mr. Starkie the day before, and how, on his reporting all the efforts and how, on his reporting all the efforts he had made to learn something defi-nite about By well, and how they had resulted in nothing but vague rumors that he was a very clever fellow, but some said "wild," others said "rash," and yet another said he was the best fellow in the world, and no man's enemy but his own; his chief had thanked him for his exertions, and expressed himself perfectly satisfied, but had appeared at the same time as if not quite at case in his own mind on the subject.

Philip had lunched at Mr. Starkie's with him and his family (the first time he had enjoyed that honor), and had returned home to find Grace dressed in her very best, drawing on a pair of lemon-colored kid gloves, and dying with impatience to set of to Carlton Grove, Mr. Berghaus' house. Thekla, Emilie and Hermann had called that morning on their way from church, and she was delighted with them.

"I suppose you will be going directly." she added, on this Monday morning, as she rose from the table and went to the window. "Do you go to town on the top of one of those rattling omni-buses? How funny!"

"Yes, I must be off now," he answered, also rising.

"Oh," continued Grace, still looking out, "there is that sweet-looking gir! whom I noticed yesterday morning when I was sitting at the window here, pining to go to church. She came from the next house with her sister. I suppose. The sister is really quite beautiful, though I don't like her face, but the little one looks both pretty and good. Look at her, Phil! Do you know who they are?"

Sweet Simplicity.

I saw a girl come into a street-car the other day who had, I was ready to bet, made her own dress, and how nice she did took. She was one of those clean, trim girls you see now and then. She

they are?" Philip looked over her shoulder and saw the girl of whom he had said to Hermann Berghaus: "that is a school-girl;" the younger of the two ladies who had arrived in a cab on Friday evening. She was a tall, slight, uprightlooking girl, apparently about fifteen or sixteen years old.

Philip took stock of her with an in- the moist red lips; none on the shellterest for which he could hardly actinted but not too small ears; none on count, thinking of her all the time less the handsomely set neck-rather broad as an individual than as the sister of behind, perhaps, but running mighty that other girl. She was fair, with a prettily up into the tightly-corded hair, bright, handsome, open face; bright And such hair! It was of a light chesthair, bright eyes; everything about her nut brown, and glistened with specks was bright, and there was, besides, an of gold as the sun shone upon it, and nat, and saying: 'Miss Massey, I imagine,' I thought that your manners in both eyes and mouth. She was were immensely improved, but that you dressed in soft, gray stuff, with a little speck of it astray and not a pin to be black fichu about her shoulders, and a small, compact, black straw hat crown- her seat, she cast an easy, unembaring her shining locks. She carried sev- rassed glance around the car from a eral books fastened together with a strap, and she was already equipped, gloved, finished, "ready" in every resuch as you see in some handsome spect, as she stepped forth from the tiouse and took her way down the street. There was something superior and refined about her appearancenothing slovenly. All was compact, next and well arranged.

"Where can she be going at this hour?" asked Grace, following with her eyes the lithe, graceful figure of

"Probably to school," said Philip, in a tone of indifference. "School-oh, very likely. There is a great big girl's school near here, isn't

"Yes, in Carlton Road, close by. Lots of girls go-hundreds. One's always seeing them up and down." "But who is that girl? Do you know?"

"I don't. I saw two young ladies arrive in a cab the other night. That's all I know about them. They lodge there, I suppose."

"Very likely. Well—oh, here is your omnibus, isn't it? Good-bye." In another minute Philip had been carried out of sight by the omnibus, and Grace was left to find her way to the scene of her studies, the Women's College, the classes of which she had

prevailed upon a fond father and a tender mother to allow her to attend. Philip, from the top of the omnibus, soon caught sight again of the figure of the school-girl, as he supposed her to be. Yes; she was just turning down the side street which led to the Girls' High School, and he had been right in

his conjecture. "I wonder who on earth they can be?" he speculated. Then an acquaintance sitting next to him began to speak of other things, and Philip's specula-

tions ceased. Some days passed. The month of May gradually advanced, and the holi-day hours of Whitsuntide seemed forgotten in the roar and bustle of renewed

Grace assured her brother again and "Really I have. I have to go and see dition, and was vexed to think of hissing it, and at the same time surrised to find himself confiding such deals to the august chief of the establishment.

"I would do anything to oblige you,"

"Really I have. I have to go and see draw and see dition, and was vexed to think of his trums to a most peculiar business that wants transacting on Sunday."

"Just what I expected you to say," spirit, and a bright example of the boasted intolligence of her native country; having an ample fund of shrewding to oblige you, the afternoon in plenty of time to go and see draw again how very happy she was, and print found her a pleasant companion. The Yorkshire girl was full of life and tour and went off satisfied.—I boasted intolligence of her native country; having an ample fund of shrewding to oblige you, the afternoon in plenty of time to go and see draw again how very happy she was, and print found her a pleasant companion. The Yorkshire girl was full of life and tour and went off satisfied.—I boasted intolligence of her native country; having an ample fund of shrewding to be the said to be there contrary given him an oat bait at the No.

"I would do anything to oblige you, that wants transacting on Sunday."

"Just what I expected you to say," spirit, and a bright example of the board companion. The Yorkshire girl was full of life and tour and went off satisfied.—I boasted intolligence of her native country; having an ample fund of shrewding the product of the same time again how very happy she was, and print the No.

"I would do anything to oblige you," again how very happy she was, and print the No.

"I would do anything to oblige you."

with her to the Berghauses', and by painting Thekla and Emilie Berghaus in the most attractive colors his imagination could supply, till Grace said, word, deed and purpose on her own or work. part, a love of honesty in others, and a quickness in, as it were, scenting out dishonesty in all its forms, and an intense, uncompromising detestation of it, which, as Philip told her, was, on the whole, rather troublesome than other-wise. But he smiled as he said it, and Grace, with a secret thrill of pleasure, felt that he loved her for that honesty, and that the salient feature of his own character was the same thing; that, whatever he might say, in jest or satire, he was loval to the backbone-"jannock," to use the expressive vernacular of Lancashire or Yorkshire-that, his word, once seriously pledged, be it by no more ample formula than "yes" or "no," "I will," or "I will not," it would be kept at whatever cost, and kept, not in letter only, but in the very

spirit of his promise.

A few days sufficed to make Grace satisfied that Thekla and Emilie Berghaus were au fond, like her brother and herself "jannock," and the friendship progressed with the rap-id pace incidental to the friendships of honest boys and girls in general. The Berghaus girls were unspoiled at heart, though their training and education, their incessant courses of balls and visits, and their life in a house whose doors were always open, and which was scarcely ever void of some kind of company, had given them a confidence of manner and a some-what artificial behavior which had at first rather puzzled and almost repelled the country-bred girl. But the genuineness which she soon found be-neath the surface quickly won her heart, while it was very pleasant, even to a student at so advanced an academy as the Women's College, occasionally to cast aside her studies and partake of the social amusements to be found at Carlton Grove. Compliments were not altogether despicable, even to one who professed to be interested in Mill's "System of Logic," and the attention which Philip's friends paid to his bright and handsome sister was by no means disagreeable to her.

One morning, when it streamed with rain, somewhat more than a week after Grace's arrival, Philip, a little later than usual, rose from the breakfasttable and prepared to take his way to town. Grace had been discoursing again about their next door neighbors, and Philip had been more interested in the discourse than he would have cared to confess. Whether from that reason or not, he was three minutes late, and when he opened the door and looked out the omnibus was just vanishing round a corner, on its way to town. Buttoning up his mackintosh and ra's ing his umbrella, he decided to walk as far as Carlton Road, and there take another omnibus, or, in default of that, a cab to the office.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

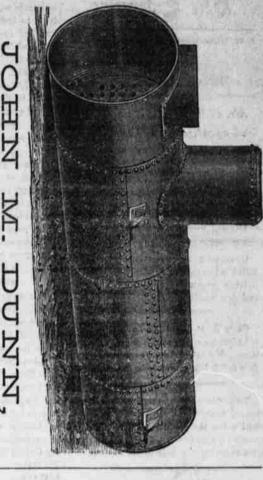
Sweet Simplicity.

I saw a girl come into a street-car the other day who had, I was ready to bet, trim girls you see now and then. She was about eighteen years old, and, to begin with, looked well-fed, healthy and strong. She looked as though she had a sensible mother at home. Her face and neck and ears and her hair were clean, absolutely clean. How seldom you see that. There was no powder, no paint on the smooth, rounded cheek or firm, dimpled chin; none on the handsomely set neck-rather broad She was tum or cosmetic on it; there was not a seen in it. As the girl came in and took foung athletes who are in good training. There were no tags and ends, fringes, furbelows, or fluttering ribbons about her closely-fitting but easy suit of tweed, and as she drew off glove to look in her purse for a small coin for fare, I noticed that the gloves were not new, but neither were they old; they were simply well kept, like the owner and the owner's hand, which was a solid hand, with plenty of muscles between the tendons and with strong but supple fingers. It would have looked equally pretty fashioning a pie in a home kitchen or folding a andage in a hospital. It was a hand that suggested at the same time womanliness and work, and I was sorry when it found a five-cent piece and had been re-gloved. One foot was thrust out a little over the slats of the car floor-s foot in a good walking-boot that might have splashed through a rain-storm without fear of damp stockings-and an eminently sensible boot on a two and one-half foot, with a high instep, a small round heel and a pretty broad The girl was a picture from head to foot, as she sat erect, disdaining the support of the back of the seat and devoid of all appearance of stiffness. Perhaps the whole outfit to be seen, from hat to boots, did not cost forty dollars, but I have seen plenty of outfits costing more than ten times, or even twenty times that which did not look one-tenth or one-twentieth as well. If our girls only knew the beauty of mere simplicity, cleanliness and health, and their fascination!-Sun Francisco

> -A rich young chap of Natick, Mass., went to a livery stable pretty drunk and ordered a team. While they were harnessing the horse he climbed They let him sleep a couple of hours when he awoke and, declaring that he had taken a good, quiet ride, called attention to the fact that he hadn't abused the horse, but on the contrary had given him an oat bait at the Newton Falls Hotel, paid three dollars for the tour and went off satisfied .- Boston

Examiner.

-There is said to be three contaworth



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of food, irritability of temper, Law
spirits, A feeling of having neglected
some daty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the
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